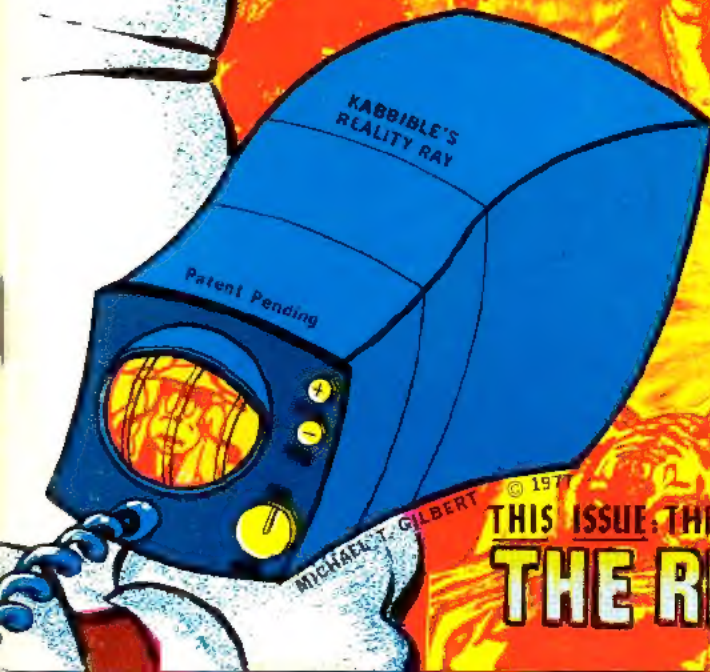


POW!

**HAVE A DOSE OF
REALITY, WRAITH!**



© 1977
THIS ISSUE: THE WRAITH WRANGLES WITH...

THE REALITY RAY!!

\$1.25



Labor Day, 1977
Denver, CO

QUACK has been a bit of an anomaly to me from the very beginning. The intention at first was to take the "funny animal" concepts we were all exposed to in our childhood and use them in entertaining and perhaps enlightening grown-up stories. This is an admirable goal and one to which I still aspire, but I've been less than pleased with the over-all progress in this direction.

A major part of the difficulty lies in my own near-nil background in this genre. Unlike our flagship STAR*REACH title, which gained a clear editorial path fairly quickly (at least in my own head), I hadn't really any idea how to get from the starting point to where I wanted to go. So I have been unable, even till the present, to establish clear editorial guidelines to the contributors. Thus I've been accepting incredibly diverse approaches to stories in hopes that (much like STAR*REACH) an identity would begin to establish itself on its own.

Only I don't think this identity has occurred. While every story printed here has had its strengths and uniqueness — and I don't regret publishing any of them — each succeeding book, taken as a whole, still has not seemed to hold together as a unit. As a reader, one tends to get pulled in too many directions to fully enjoy an issue as much as one could if there were more unity of purpose.

So why am I writing all this? First, to explain what's happening here and in our next issue coming up. And second, to ask for some advice.

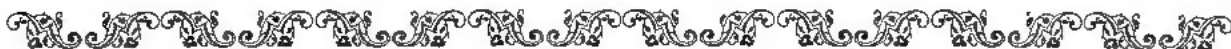
To work backwards, what seems to be the best approach now is to cut back on the number of contributors and concentrate on the two or three that work together the most successfully. What I'd like to hear from you is if you think this is a good idea and if you do, which strips would you prefer to see more — and why.

As for what's happening here and in QUACK No. 6, in order to also help find out what you want, I'm giving you different cover features than one might first expect in hopes of getting a sales gauge on the popularity of a couple of so-called "back-up" strips. This issue, as you can already see, the spotlight is on "The Wraith" (in more ways than one). Creator Mike Gilbert has developed his story-telling ability tremendously from his early work in this magazine and although "unknown" beyond QUACK, I think what he does is solid enough to justify the cover exposure. Next issue, Ted Richards' "E. Z. Wolf" (or actually, a spin-off, using his mad scientist "Quack" character from issue No. 3) will be our lead feature. Ted is easily the most knowledgeable of all the QUACK contributors regarding funny-animals and he

is continuing to educate me a lot in this area. His "E. Z. Wolf" strip has appeared widely in the Rip-Off Press newspaper syndicate and its own comics (from both Rip-Off Press and Last Gasp). I'm hopeful he'll be as well-received here as he has been elsewhere.

Any distinct changes will be in issue number Seven. If you respond quickly to my request for your opinions, I'll be able to announce any changes next issue. Till then...

Mike Friedrich



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Contributions are not encouraged, though eventually read; warning: no return postage and it'll be trashed.

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ANY SIMILARITY TO REAL PERSONS (or real animals), LIVING OR DEAD, EXCEPT FOR PURPOSES OF SATIRE, IS COINCIDENTAL.

1186 00 1186 DN 1ST ESSO

To:
The Wrath
c/o Inspector M. Mulchberry
Cyanide City Police Dept.
Precinct 13

Dear Wrath:

LOGIC'S ILLOGIC,
SUBSTANCE AND DREAM.
REALITY'S PARADOX
IS MY CENTRAL THEME.

If you would like to

ROYAL

AH, TINY EPISTLE, LONE AND FRAGILE! LET US FOLLOW YOUR WINDING TRAIL THROUGH THE PATH OF LIFE. ENGULFED WITHIN A COLD, SOULLESS ENVELOPE, YOU JOURNEY, ALONE AND UNLOVED, FROM UNFEELING MAILBOX TO AN UNCARING, INDIFFERENT POSTAL OFFICE. ULTIMATELY, YOUR FINAL DESTINY IS FULFILLED AS YOU REACH THE COLD CONFINES OF...

THE
CYANIDE
CITY
POLICE
DEPT.

BOY, UNK!
WHAT YUMMY
LOOKIN' CROOKS!
OOOH! THIS
ONE'S CUTE!

YUMMY LOOKIN'
CROOKS??!
GET AWAY FROM
THAT FILE, IVORY!

YUMMY LOOKING
INDEED!

WHERE YOUNG
IVORY SNOW IS
VISITING HER
UNCLE-INSPECTOR
MULCHBERRY.

WHY
DON'T YOU
GROW UP,
GIRL?!!

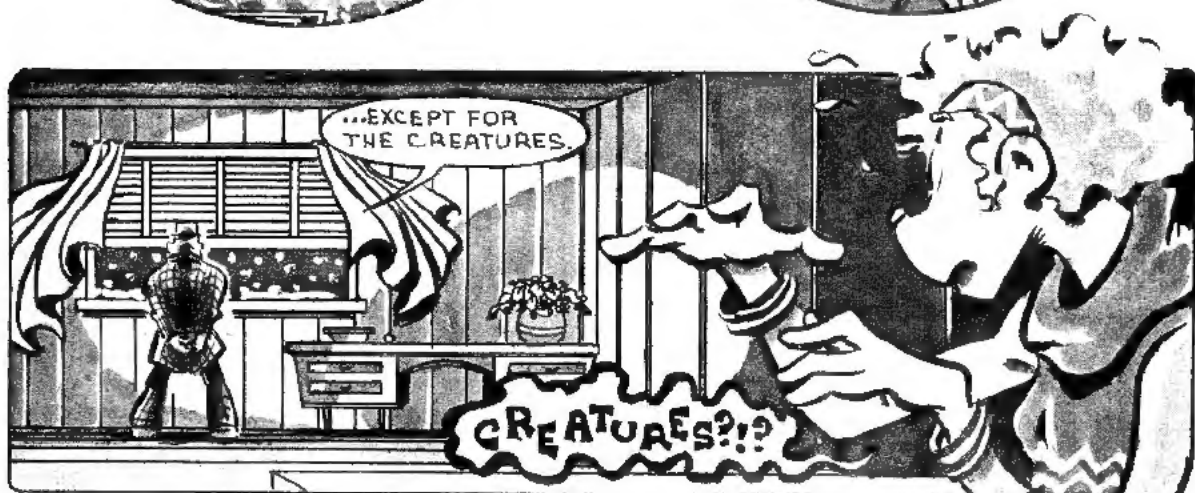
OH GROW
BITE OFF MY HEAD,
WHY DON'T CHA??!

I WAS JUST LOOKIN' AT
YOUR DUMB OLD WANTED
POSTERS. 'SCUSE ME FOR
BEIN' ALIVE, WHY DON'T CHA??

WHAT'S
FREAKIN'
YOU OUT,
MAN?

THE WRATH,
IVORY.

THE WRATH.



DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT. I'M NOT NUTS - BUT I WON'T VOUCH FOR THE REST OF TH' WORLD!
BAH!



NO SOONER DO I GET THAT "DUCK DEATH" CASE OFF MY BACK, THAN I START GETTING CRAZY REPORTS OF STRANGE CREATURES POPPIN' UP ALL AROUND CYANIDE CITY.
BAH!



UM...WHAT DO TH' THESE CREATURES LOOK LIKE?

CRAZY LOOKIN' THINGS! NO TWO ALIKE. EVERYBODY'S SEEIN' 'EM. I'D CHALK IT UP TO CRACKPOTS - BUT MAYOR CYANIDE SAYS SHE'S SEEN 'EM TOO. CAN'T SWEEP THIS ONE UNDER THE RUG. **BAH!** I THINK SHE'S NUTS TOO.



ANYBODY HURT?

NAW. THEY'RE HARMLESS. BUT A LOTTA PEOPLE ARE GETTING SPOOKED. NOBODY KNOWS ANYTHING 'BOOT 'EM. SO NATURALLY IT GETS DUMPED ON MY LAP!
BAH!



I THOUGHT I SAW...

OH WELL...

BUT THAT'S NO EXCUSE F'R ME YELLING AT YOU. FORGIVE ME, SWEETIE?

DON'T SWEAT IT, UNK.



I'M GONNA STOP BY AND SAY "HI" TO THE WRAITH. AIN'T SEEN HIM IN AGES. ANY MESSAGES?

NAW...



JUST GIVE 'IM THIS LETTER. CAME IN T'DAY.

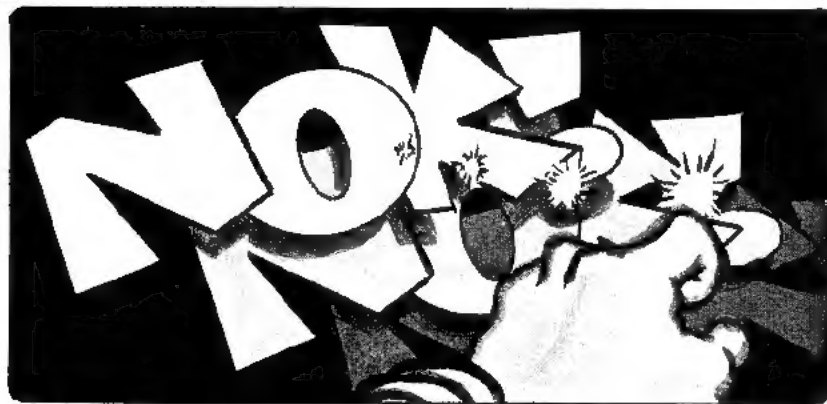
ALWAYS USE ZIP CODE

THE WRAITH
C/O H. MULCHERRY
CYANIDE CITY POLICE
PRECINCT 13



FOUR

AND SO...



COME IN.







JE-SUS! WHATTA PRIMA-DONNA!
STOP PLAYING ZOMBIE MAN. LOOKIT
THIS PLACE! LEFT-OVER T.V. DINNERS
BOTTLES ALL OVER THE PLACE.
EVEN YOUR PLANTS ARE
DYIN'! Y'R LETTING
THE WHOLE PLACE
FALL APART!

GO
HOME,
IVORY.

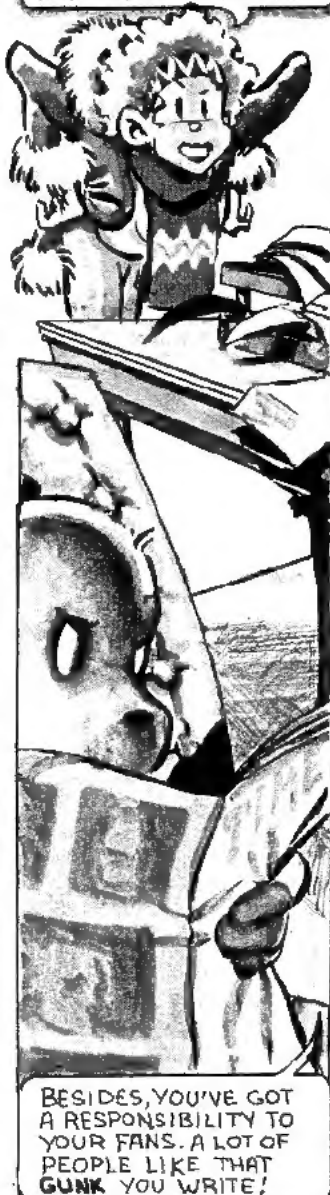
AND YOU HAVEN'T
WRITTEN ANYTHIN' IN
MONTHS - HAVE YOU?
NO BOOKS, NO STORIES -
NOT EVEN A CRUMMY
MAGAZINE ARTICLE!

...SINCE WHEN
ARE YOU SO
LITERARY MINDED?

OLD CROW

Kentucky
STRAIGHT
WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD CROW

FUCK YOU! SINCE
NEVER, SMART-ASS!
AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED
THOSE CHEAP DETECTIVE
PULPS OF YOURS ARE
PRETTY ASININE. BUT
THEY DO PAY YOUR RENT.
NO BOOKS - NO BUCKS!
AND EVEN MANIC-DEPRESSIVE
DETECTIVE'S GOTTA EAT.



BESIDES, YOU'VE GOT
A RESPONSIBILITY TO
YOUR FANS. A LOT OF
PEOPLE LIKE THAT
GUNK YOU WRITE!

YEAH,
RIGHT.

LOOK AT THIS! YOU
HAVEN'T EVEN CHECKED
OUT THE GALLEY-
PROOFS ON YOUR
GOTHIC ROMANCE BOOKS.
YOUR EDITOR MUST
BE HAVING A REAL
SHIT-FIT!



GO HOME,
IVORY.

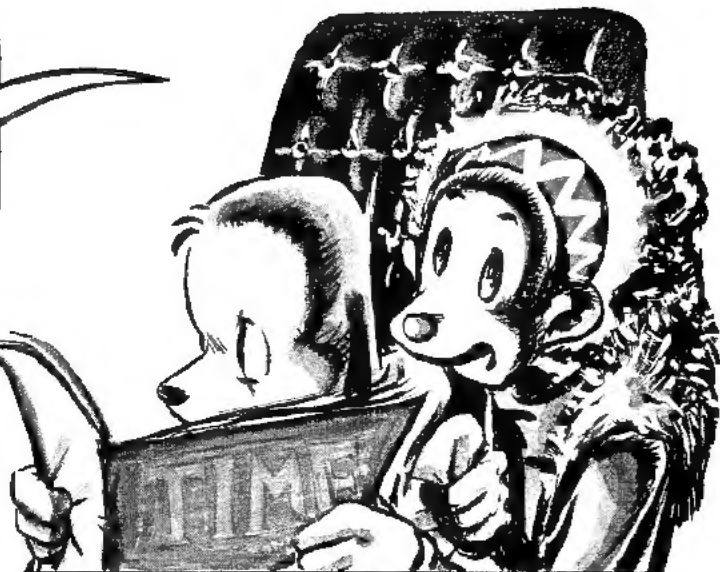
OH HELL, MAN!
GROW UP, WILL YA?
SO Y'GOT A FEW
PROBLEMS. BIG
FUCKIN' DEAL!

I
NEVER TOLD
YOU ABOUT
MY SCHOOL
DAYS - DID
I??

EVER HEAR OF ALCATRAZ JR. HIGH? ALL TH' HARDASSES WENT TO OLD ALCATRAZ - TH' ARMPIT OF TH' EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM. TEACHERS WERE ALWAYS GETTIN' SLICED UP IN THAT PLACE. I STARTED GOIN' THERE WHEN I WAS TEN - SKIPPED A COUPLE OF GRADES, Y'KNOW?

ME BEIN' YOUNGER THAN THE OTHER KIDS - THAT ADDED TO TH' FACT THAT I WAS JUST ABOUT TH' ONLY WHITE GIRL IN TH' PLACE - MADE MY SCHOOL LIFE PRETTY ROUGH. I WAS ALWAYS GETTIN' HASSLED. FOUGHT MY WAY T' CLASS EVERY DAY.

I DIDN'T TAKE ANY CRAP, THOUGH! - AND AFTER TRADING A FEW BLOODY NOSES AN' KNOCKING OUT A FEW TEETH, I MADE SOME FRIENDS, Y'KNOW?



MY HOMELIFE WAS SHITSVILLE TOO - BUT I WON'T GET INTO THAT NOW.



TH' WHOLE SCENE WAS TH' PITS - REAL BAD NEWS, Y'KNOW? NOTHIN' SEEMED TO MATTER MUCH. ME AND TH' GUYS'D GO TO TH' HILLS BEHIND TH' SCHOOL, MAKE OUT AND BLOW SOME WEED. SOON I WAS DOIN' 'LUDES, ACID, P.C.P. ANYTHING I COULD SNORT, STICK OR SWALLOW.

IT WAS LIKE - REAL NEAT FOR A WHILE. TWO YEARS OF COMIN TO CLASS STONED ALL TH' TIME. BUT LIKE, I STARTED LOOKIN' AT TH' OTHER DUDES ONE DAY - AND, LIKE WOW! THEY WERE ALL IN JAIL OR O.D'ING OR LAYIN' IN TH' MORGUE, BLEW ME AWAY!!!



TH' WHOLE SCENE WAS REAL - Y'KNOW - FUCKED UP. I MEAN, HERE I WAS - TWELVE YEARS OLD F'R CHRISSAKES - AN' ALREADY BURN'T OUT. SURE I HAD THINGS TOUGH - BUT JESUS! I LET THOSE THINGS BEAT ME DOWN. T'HELL WITH THAT! TOO MUCH T'DO AND SEE IN THIS WORLD TO GIVE UP WITHOUT A FIGHT. SO I WENT COLD TURKEY. IT WAS HELL CLEANIN' UP MY ACT - BUT I DID IT MAN - 'CUZ I HAD TO!

AND NOW YOU GET HIGH ON LIFE - RIGHT?

ALRIGHT - SO I'M LECTURING. SUE ME! BUT LOOK, WRAITH - YOU... DO SO MUCH GOOD. A LOT OF PEOPLE LOOK UP TO YOU, MAN. THEY NEED SOMEONE LIKE YOU. Y'CAN'T JUST LET THEM DOWN.



YOU'RE A... A SYMBOL? SURE IT'S EASY T' GIVE UP. BUT I DIDN'T. AND YOU'RE TOO TOUGH TO...

YEAH! YEAH! YOU GOT A LETTER FOR ME?

AREN'T YOU LISTENING TO ANYTHING? ... YES I DO GODDAMMIT!

WHAT'S IT SAY? READER'S DIGEST VERSION

IT'S PROBABLY NOT - HEY! LISSSEN TO THIS! IT'S FROM SOME PROFESSOR - SAYS HE HAS INFO ON THE CREATURES - YOU KNOW - THE ONES THAT'VE BEEN DRIVING MULCHY BATTY! IT'S EVEN GOT HIS ADDRESS. WOW! WOTTA BREAK, HUH?

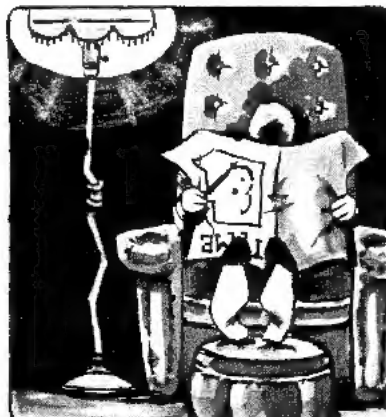
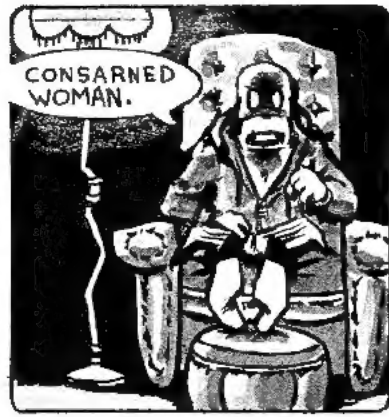
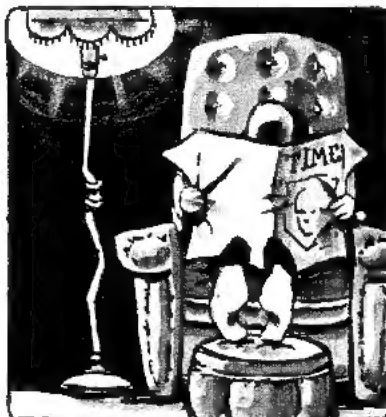


C'MON, WRAITH!

LET'S CHECK IT OUT, HUH WRAITH?

WRAITH?







WOMEN!

BAH!



LOOKOUT WORLD...
THE WRAITH
IS BACK!!!

LOOK, MULCHBERRY - I'M GONNA SNEAK
INSIDE AND SEARCH FOR IVORY. IF YOU
DON'T HEAR FROM ME IN FIFTEEN MINUTES
NOTIFY YOUR COP BUDDIES...



KAB

OK...BUT.

NO "BUTS"! FIFTEEN MINUTES
GOT IT?

YEAH.
BUT I DON'T LIKE IT

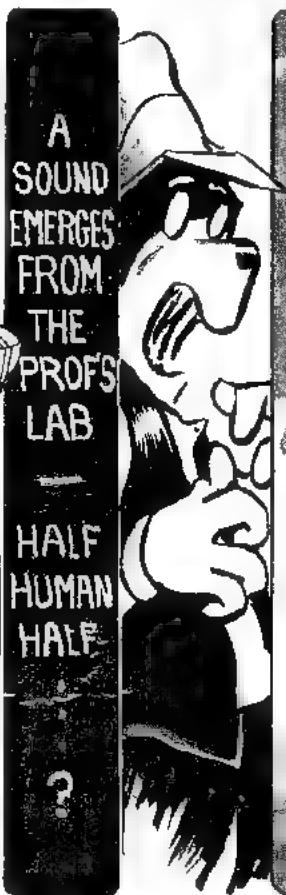
I JUST
HOPE Y'KNOW
WHAT Y'R
DOIN'...

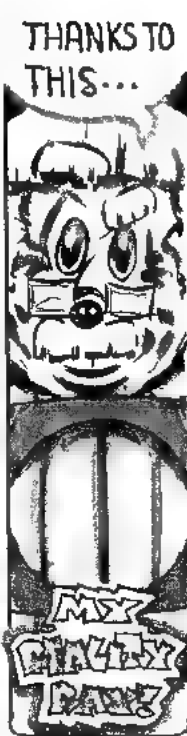
I STILL HAVE
A FEELIN' THAT
SOMETHIN' FUNNY'S
GOIN' ON.

KAB



KAB







UM... PLEASE DON'T WORRY, WRATH.
UM... **WRAITH**. MY INVENTION
WOON'T HARM YOU. I
COULDN'T HARM ANYONE,
YOU SEE. IT WILL
MERELY PLACE
YOU IN A...A
MORE **ADVANCED**
LEVEL OF
REALITY!!



PERMIT ME TO EXPLAIN, SIR. YES,
REALITY— **AS WE KNOW IT** — IS
AN **ARTIFICIAL CONSTRUCT**.
SCIENTISTS AND PHILOSOPHERS
HAVE FORMULATED CERTAIN
LAWS THAT ATTEMPT TO
DEFINE "**REALITY**".

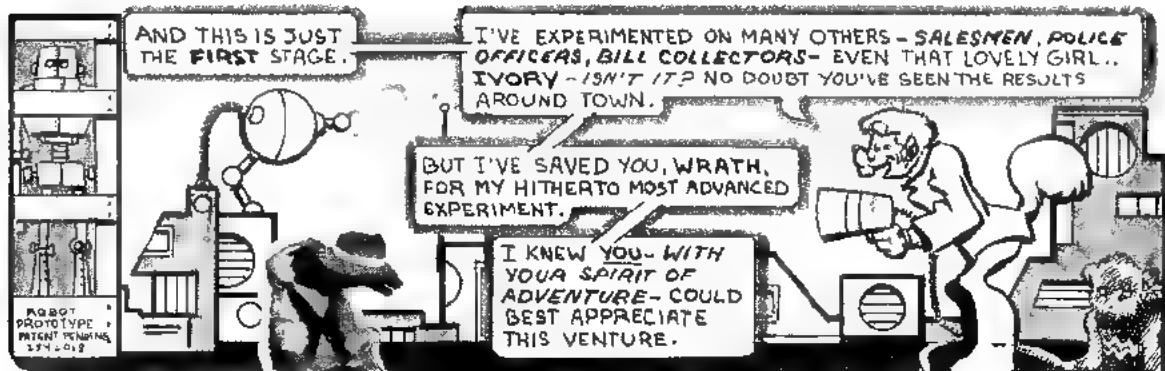


ALL MISCONCEPTIONS, OF COURSE!
OF COURSE, AND I— I HAVE
INVESTED FIFTY YEARS OF
MY LIFE TO REALIGNING
THOSE MISCONCEPTIONS.
OH MY, YES! A MOST
FASCINATING PROBLEM!



SIZE, SHAPE, TANGIBILITY — ALL-ALL
THOSE STRAIGHT-JACKETS OF
PERCEPTION — HAVE BEEN
RENDERED **MEANINGLESS**
BY MY **REALITY RAY**.
YOU DO UNDERSTAND
NOW — DON'T YOU,
WRATH? HMMM?





OK, PAL! WE'VE
HEARD JUST ABOUT
ENOUGH!

SHAME! SHAME!
NOT EVEN KNOCKING.
COME BACK LATER,
PLEASE. WE
HAVEN'T YET
FINISHED OUR
EXPERIMENT

RIGHT,
WRATH?

WRATH?

JUST A FEW
MORE SECONDS,
RIGHT, WRATH?

WRATH?

NOT...
WRATH...

**MOTHER OF
MERCY!!!**

WHAT'VE YOU DONE TO
THE WRAITH?!!

DOWN BOY,
HEE! ON DEAR,
THE RAY HAS
SLIPPED FROM
MY GRASP!

WRAITH!!!

**MY RAY! OH
DEAR, HOW
CLUMSY. YOU'VE
REVERSED THE
POLARITY.**

OH DEAR.

IT MAY
IMplode.

OH DEAR.

COO!!!
MY HEAD
THAT CRAZY.

COFF!

**HEY! I'M
BACK TO
NORMAL.
BOY! A FEW
MORE SECONDS
UNDER THAT
RAY AND...**

AND...

IVORY?

I'M OK WRAITH - THE
REVERSE RAYS CHANGED US
ALL BACK TO THE WAY WE
WERE.
BUT THE
PROFESSOR!
HE... HE
RECEIVED
THE FULL
BLUNT OF
THE REVERSE
RAYS.
GASP!

LOOK!

THE PROFESSOR!
GASP!!



Tales of the

OREGON BOBCAT

by Dot Bucher ©1976



"AT LAST, LONG LOVE!!"

"AHH, SPRING! THE SEASON OF REBIRTH! SYMBOLIC FREEDOM! WHEN YOUNG THINGS PUSH THROUGH THE EARTH TO GREET THE WARM SUNSHINE! Sigh!



"WHAT DO HUMANS KNOW OF LOVE?
HOW IT SIEZES YOUR BEING, GRIPS
YOUR EVERY BOBCAT-THOUGHT?!"

"HOW I, GINGER, A LADY IN THE PRIME OF
LIFE LONG TO SKIP THROUGH THE GARDENS
OF LIFE, WITH THAT SPECIAL 'ONE'!"



"AND SUDDENLY, ONE DAY..."



"THERE HE STOOD, IN ALL HIS REGAL MAJESTY.
(ALMOST.)

DON'T BE SHY, WOLFGANG!

"...THE KING OF SIAM! WOLFGANG,
THE SIAMESE SUPER-STAR!

GOD, WHAT IS THIS PLACE?!!

"NEEDLESS TO SAY, I BECAME INSTANTLY
SHY, COQUETTISH, AND MODEST.

HUBBA
HUBBA!! HELP!

BLUSH!

"SOMEHOW, MY PROPER, PRIM UPBRINGING
DIDN'T APPEAL TO WOLFGANG.

Aw... I DIDN'T DO
NOTHIN'... MUCH!

WELL, I
CAN'T HELP
IT IF YOU'RE
SCARED...
OF A
'MEANINGFUL
RELATIONSHIP'!

"BUT WOLFGANG SOON GOT TO KNOW ME. WE ATTENDED MANY COURTSHIP ACTIVITIES TOGETHER.

"TOGETHERNESS WAS SO LOVELY!

Hee, hee! Oh, I LOVE TO CLIMB TREES WITH YOU, WOLFGANG!

SURE, SURE! HELP!!!

SLURP!!
SLURP!!

"WE EVEN SHARED MY OWNERS' SEASONAL 'MAKING OF GRAPE SPIRITS' EVENTS!

GINGER LOVES IT WHEN WE WASH GRAPES! THINKS THEY'RE FISH!

ATTACK!

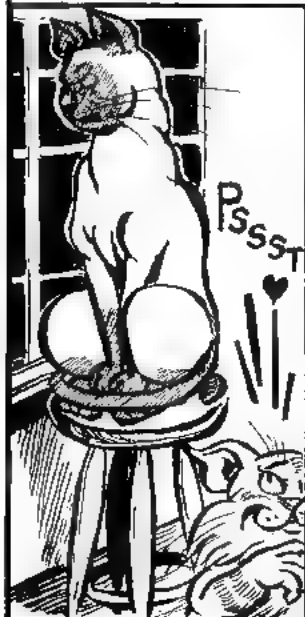
SPLOOSHI!

LOOK! I KILLED ONE!

HA HA!

WHAT A WOMMEN'S LIBBER!

"BUT ENOUGH IS ENOUGH! ENOUGH COURTSHIP! THOUGH WOLFIE HAD BEEN A PERFECT GENTLEMAN, I DECIDED TO LET HIM APPROACH ME.



"I WASN'T PREPARED FOR HIS REACTION!"



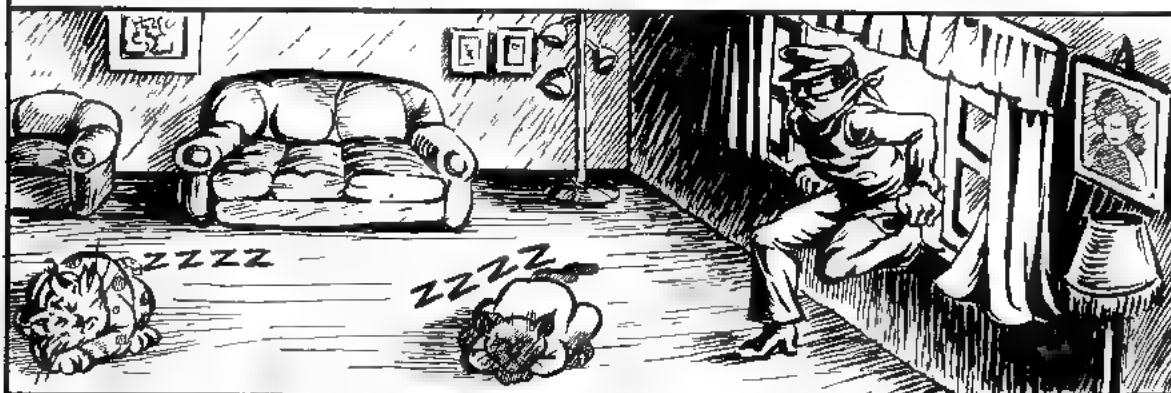
"WELL, ALMOST NOT MENDED!"



"MY BROKEN HEART COULD NOT BE MENDED BY..."



"I RESIGNED MYSELF TO CAT-NAPPING ALONE FOREVER -- BUT, ONE NIGHT..."



*... A LOUD SCREAM SPLIT THE DARKNESS!

IT'S WOLFGANG! THEY'RE
ATTACKING
MY LOVE!!

OW! HELL
FIRE!!

Hmm...
WHAT A
FEMALE!

ROWWW!!!

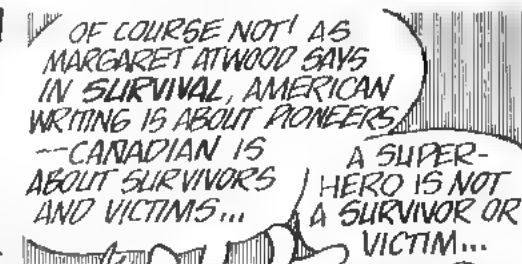
Er... I THOUGHT...

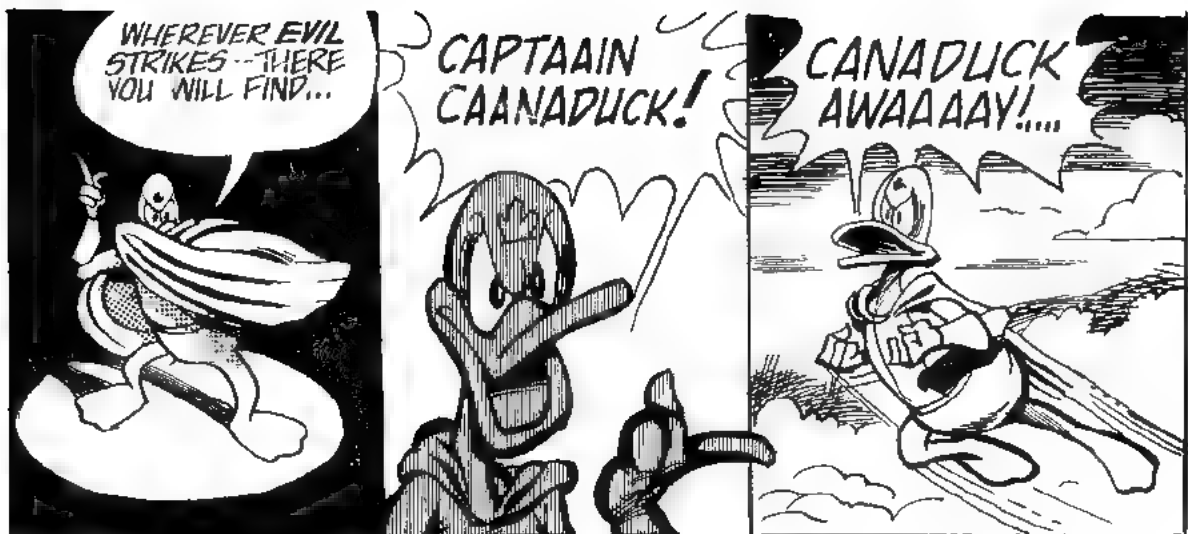
... WOULD YOU... LIKE TO...
SHARE SOME CATNIP?

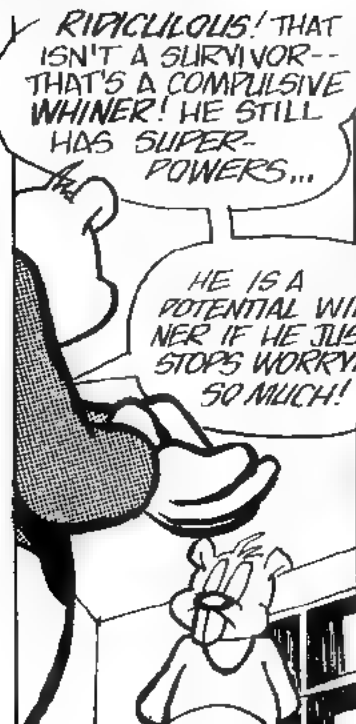
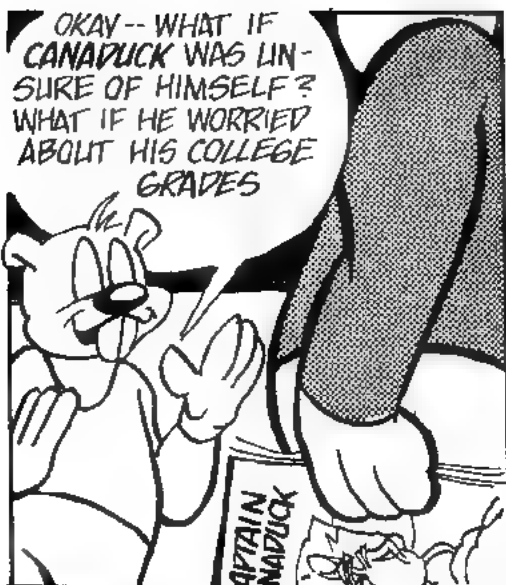
"WELL (I WONDERED)..."

"...WHAT COULD HAPPEN NEXT?"

The End







HMMM. NO
SUPER-POWERS
THEN, EH?

RIGHT



OKAY - UMMM.
OKAY! HOW ABOUT
A VERY ORDINARY
ACCOUNTANT -
NOBODY
SPECIAL...



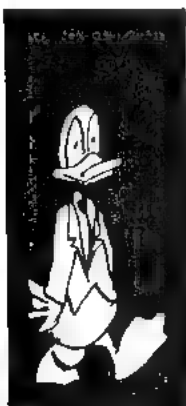
LIVES IN A
SMALL APARTMENT
...RAISES GUPPIES
AND EATS SWANSON
HUNGRY MAN
DINNERS...



JUST ANOTHER
FACE IN THE
CROWD
...



WALKING DOWN TO WORK, HE'S HIT WITH COSMIC RAYS WHICH TURN HIM INTO...



DICK
KILL.

...THE
BULKY
DUCK



AND HE STARTS
SMASHING BUILD
INGS -- WHOLE
STREETS... AKRON
OHIO...



DUCK SMASH!
DUCK DESTROY!

DUCK
WILL KILL
ALL PUNY...
ALL PUNY...
ALL...*



SORRY.





THE VICTIM

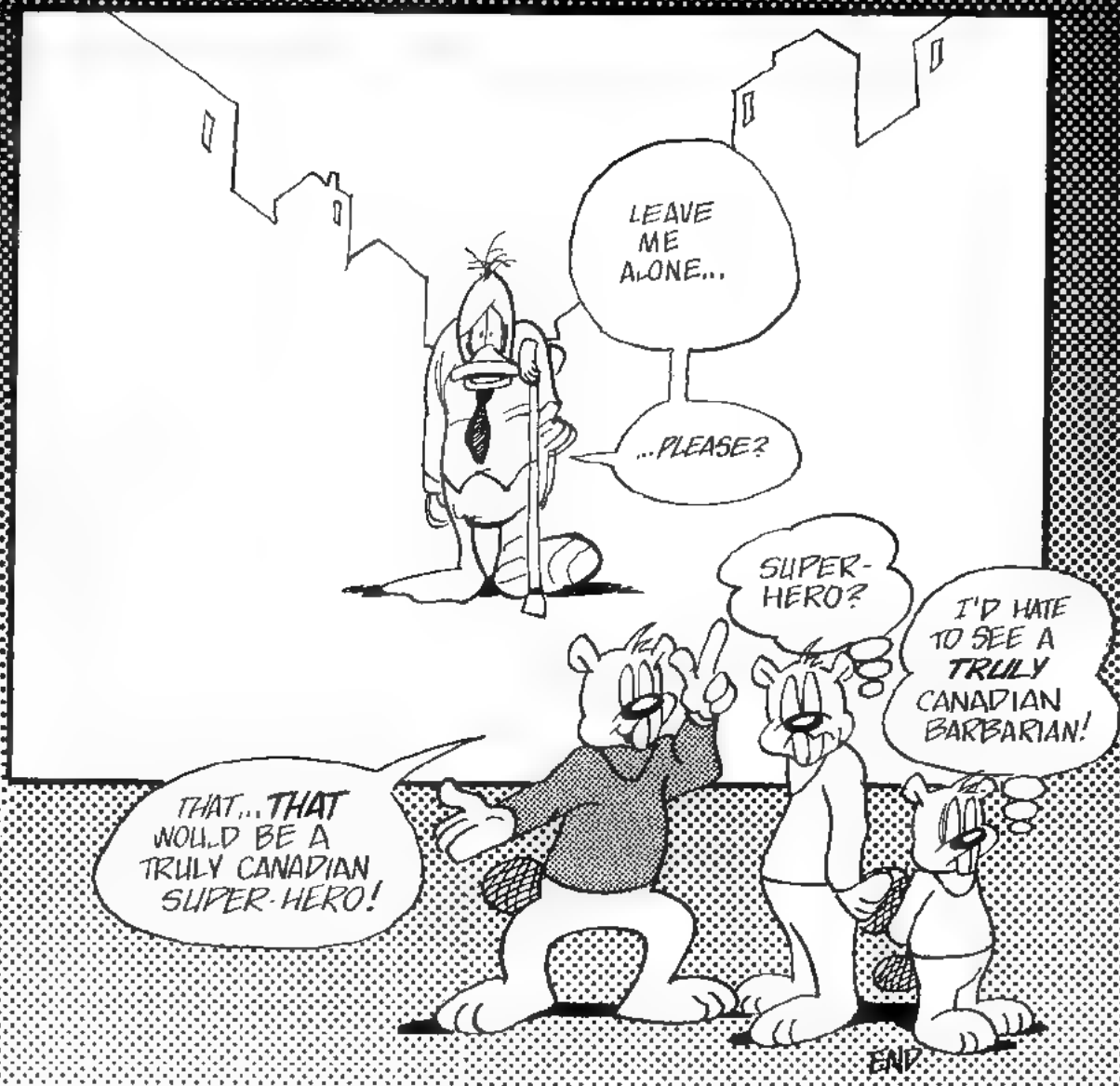
CANUCK COMICS GROUP®

30¢

71
FEB
02498

A HERO FOR OUR TIME!

THE VICTIM





FINALLY, TEN SHEETS OF CORRASSABLE BOND AND MANY @!X&!+'S LATER...

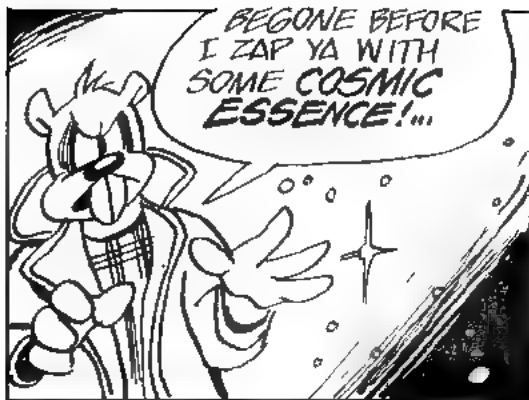




a. white beaver

FIGURE of MYSTERY





BEGONE BEFORE
I ZAP YA WITH
SOME COSMIC
ESSENCE!...



COSMIC
ESSENCE?

BUT THE DEMONS
ARE SMALL-FRY --
NOW I HAVE TO
FACE THE HEAD
HONCHO...



SO! A WHITE
BEAVER! --
WE MEET
AGAIN!

BEWARE,
DEMON LEADER!



MY
GREATEST
CHALLENGE
YET...



"BUT, I SUMMON ALL
MY POWER..."



...AND
DEFEAT
THE AGENT
OF DARK-
NESS!

SEEMS
TO BE SOME
SORT OF
TREND!

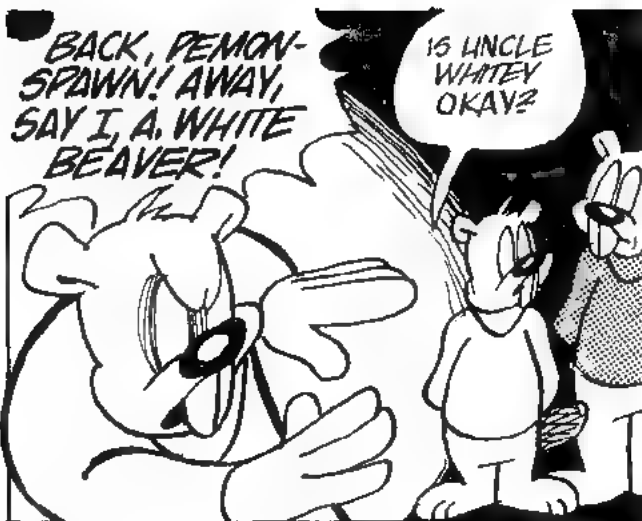


ON PAGE FOUR, MY
FOES COWARDLY
STRIKE AT ME IN MY
CITADEL OF DARKNESS

GNASH!

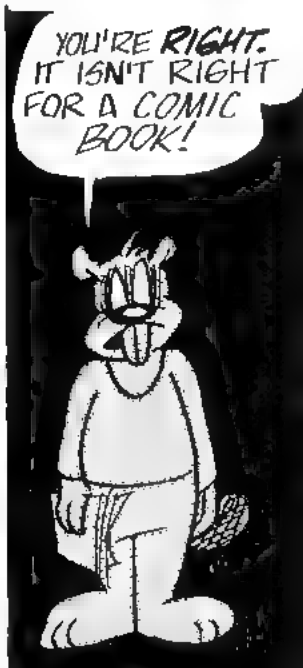
CITADEL
OF...?

IT'S A
LONG
STORY...



BUT, EVEN A WHITE BEAVER HAS
TO RUN OUT OF DEMONS SOONER
OR LATER, AND SO...





NOW APPROACHING OUR
DESTINATION, ENSIGN.

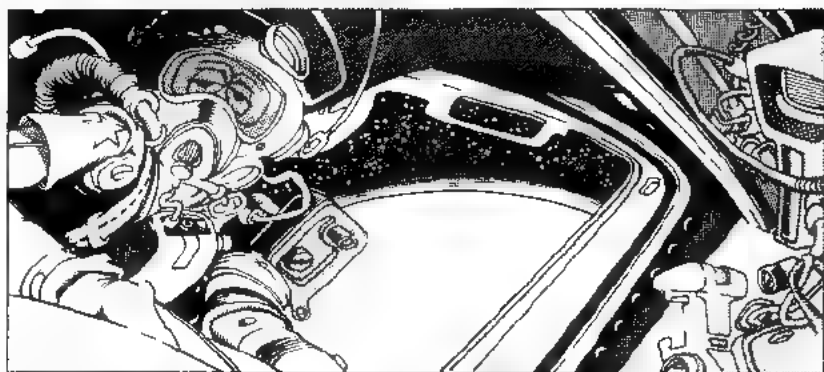


A STANDARD
G-TYPE PLANET,
SIR - SCANNERS
REPORT HABITATION
BY FUNNY
ANIMAL LIFE!

YES, A NORMAL WORLD TO
OUTWARD APPEARANCES -
YET COULD IT HOLD A CLUE
TO THE SINISTER DEMISE
OF HEALTHY CULTURES?

WHAT WAS IT THAT
STUNTED THE GROWTH OF
INTELLIGENT CIVILIZATION
ON DENEK AND VEGA 12?

AND WHY WAS IT THAT NO
STARFLEET INVESTIGATOR
HAD RETURNED WITH AN
INTELLIGENT ANSWER?

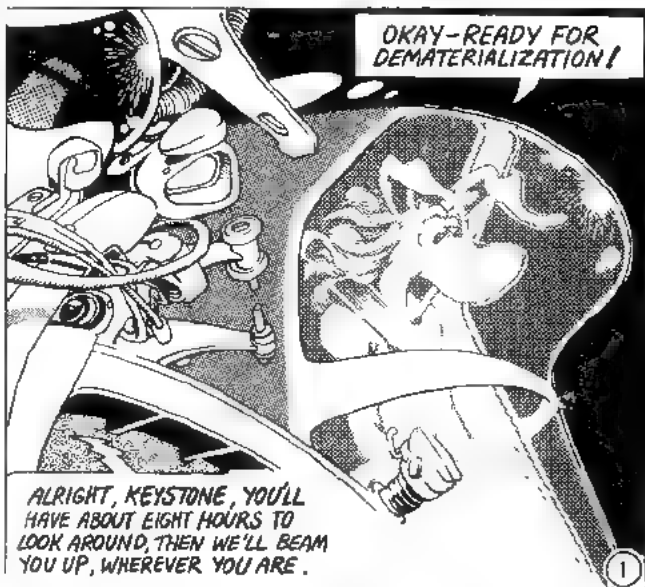


TO TACKLE THIS MYSTERY, STARFLEET REQUIRED
THE TALENTS OF THE MOST CLEVER, COURAGEOUS
CADET IN THE FLEET! UNFORTUNATELY, ALL
THEY HAD WAS - KERWIN KEYSTONE OF EARTH!
HALF AARDVARK, HALF PLATYPUS, WITH A KEEN
MIND AND A LUST FOR ADVENTURE!



WHAT?

OKAY - READY FOR
DEMATERIALIZATION!



ALRIGHT, KEYSTONE, YOU'LL
HAVE ABOUT EIGHT HOURS TO
LOOK AROUND, THEN WE'LL BEAM
YOU UP, WHEREVER YOU ARE.

GRACEFULLY, EFFICIENTLY AND WITH A HUMMING OF OBEDIENT ENERGY, KERWIN IS TRANSPORTED DOWN ONTO THE SAVAGE LANDSCAPE OF WAR-TORN PROCYON 4!



THE DARING YOUNG CADET LIES UNCONSCIOUS UNTIL A WANDERING SENTINEL MAKES A DRAMATIC DISCOVERY...

WHAT TH HELZIS?



AN ENEMY RUSE? PERHAPS WE SHOULD TURN HIM IN TO THE COMMANDER.

NAW.. LET'S KEEP THE ONE WE GOT! YUK! YUK!

GOOD LORD! SAVAGES! WHAT HAVE I GOTTEN INTO?







AH... SIR,
EXCUSE ME,
SIR..

DAMN ENEMY! WE'D HIT
THEM WITH A REGIMENT
BUT THE TROOPS ARE
TOO UNREGIMENTED!
WHAT IS IT?

COULD YOU DIRECT
ME TO THE NEAREST
DEMILITARIZED ZONE?



WHAT? WHY?
THERE'S NOTHING
THERE WORTH
FIGHTING ABOUT.

I SURE
HOPE NOT.



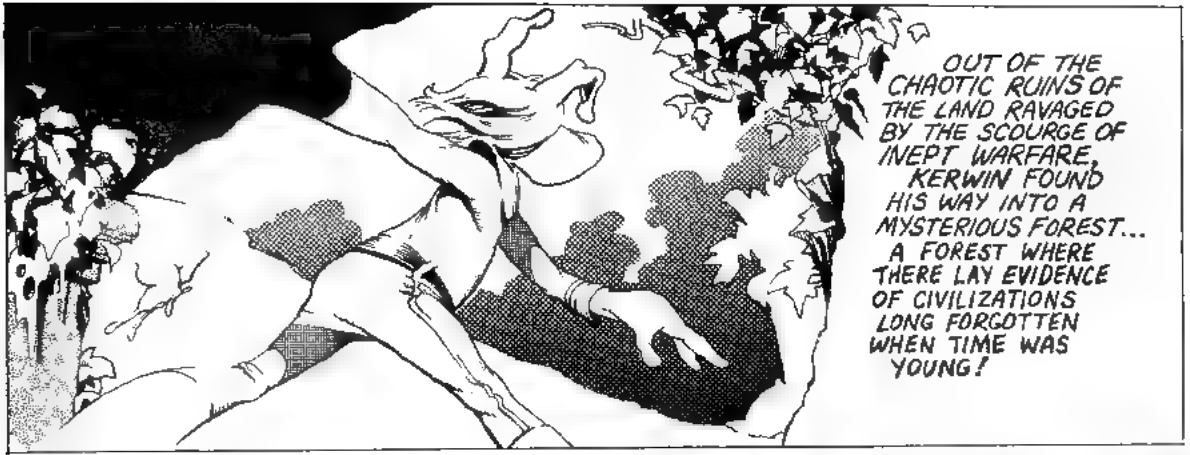
VERY WELL, THE FOREST IS
OVER THAT WAY, BUT IT IS
INHABITED BY OGRES, TROLLS,
ADVERTISING EXECUTIVES AND
OTHER UNSAVORY CHARACTERS!

PERHAPS WORST
OF ALL...THERE MAY
BE ONE OR TWO
DUCKS!

DUCKS! MYTHICAL CREATURES
WHOSE VERY NATURE IS
SHROUDED IN MYSTERY!
EARTH ONCE HAD DUCKS, BUT
THAT WAS DECADES AGO -
LONG BEFORE KERWIN WAS BORN.



AND SO, KERWIN
FEARLESSLY LEAVES THE
SECURITY OF BOMBS AND
BULLETS FOR...
THE UNKNOWN!



OUT OF THE
CHAOTIC RUINS OF
THE LAND RAVAGED
BY THE SCOURGE OF
INEPT WARFARE,
KERWIN FOUND
HIS WAY INTO A
MYSTERIOUS FOREST...
A FOREST WHERE
THERE LAY EVIDENCE
OF CIVILIZATIONS
LONG FORGOTTEN
WHEN TIME WAS
YOUNG!

ACTUALLY, FORESTS OF
THIS TYPE ARE SELDOM
FOUND ON TYPE G
PLANETS, BUT BY NOW
YOU'RE BEGINNING TO
DOUBT THE CREDIBILITY
OF THIS STORY ANYWAY.



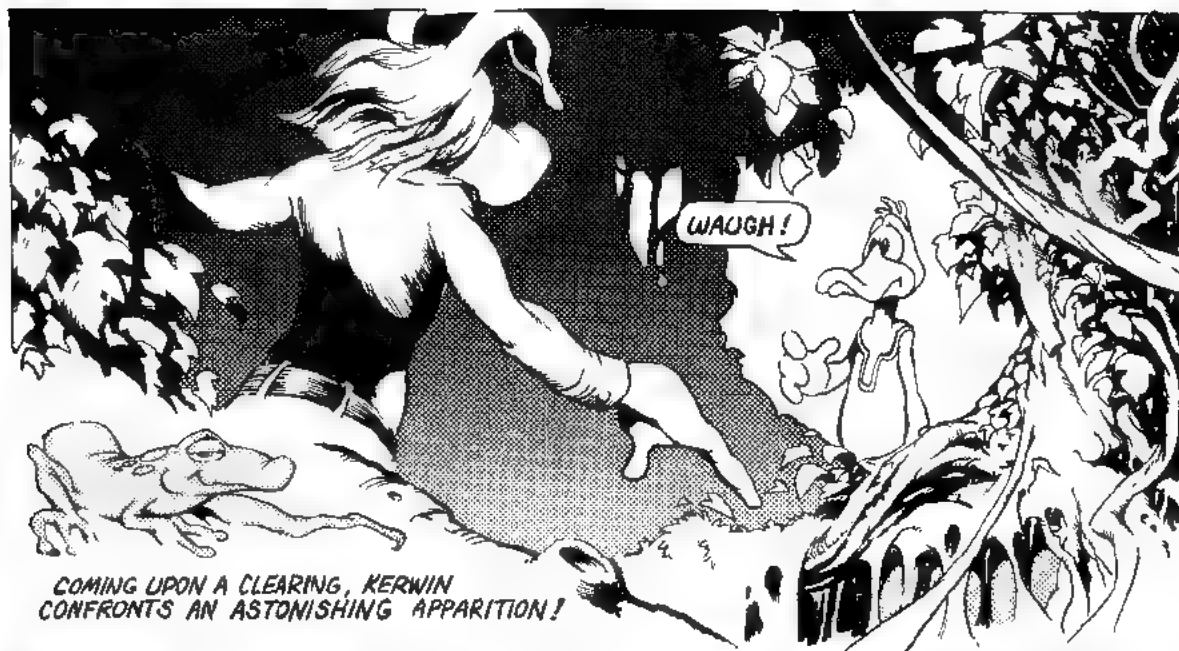
HMMM...
SHOULDA
BROUGHT A
SANDWICH.

INCIDENTALLY-
THE TITLE OF
THIS STORY IS

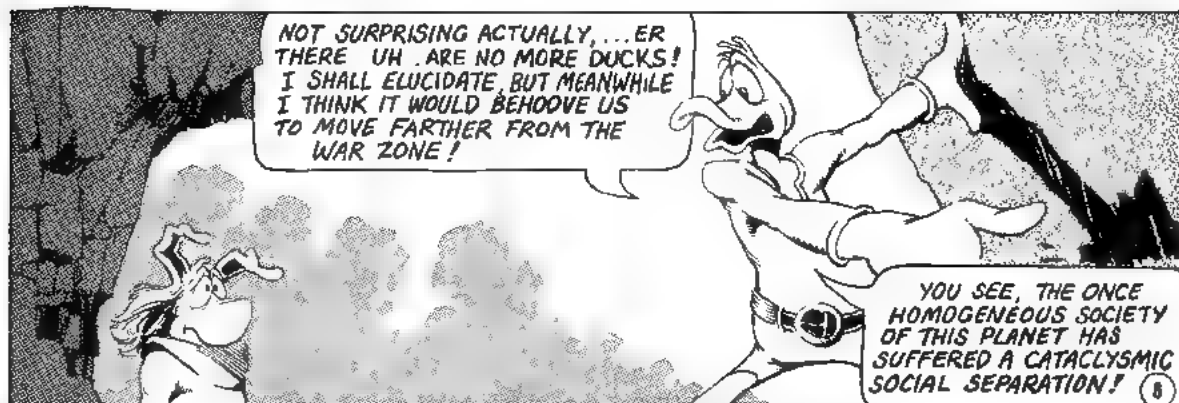
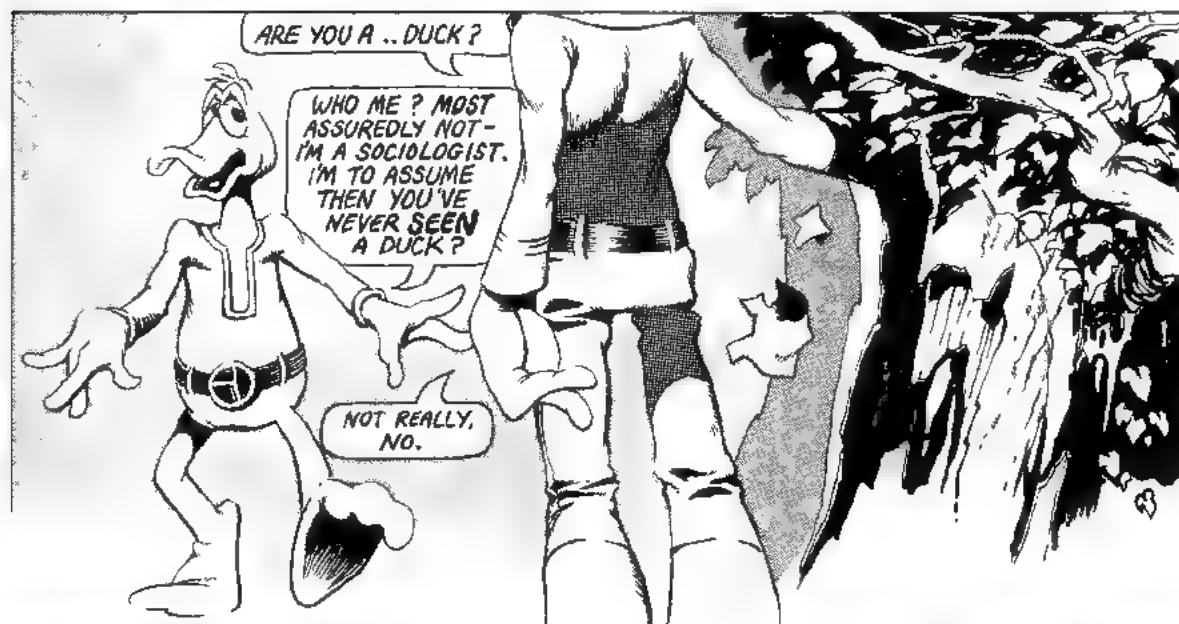
PLANET OF THE DUCKS



PERPETRATED BY
Ken Macklin ⑤



COMING UPON A CLEARING, KERWIN
CONFRONTS AN ASTONISHING APPARITION!



NOT TOO MANY YEARS
AGO ON THIS WORLD,
THERE AROSE A CULTURAL
CONCERN WITH DUCKS
IT BEGAN SLOWLY AT
FIRST WITH CRUDE
ILLUSTRATED FICTION
BUT IN AN AMAZINGLY
SHORT TIME, NO MEDIUM
WAS IMMUNE! ALL ART
MUSIC AND LITERATURE
WAS ABSORBED IN A
DUCKMANIA UNPRECEDENTED
IN NORMAL CULTURAL
EVOLUTION!!



GOLLY!

GEE, THAT'S AMAZING!
ACCORDING TO THE OLD TEXTS
EARTH WENT THROUGH A
SIMILAR DUCK DILEMMA!



OF COURSE, THE INEVITABLE
RESULT - THE NON-DUCK
POPULACE DEGENERATED
INTO THE WARLIKE RABBLE
YOU ENCOUNTERED EARLIER.



OH, REALLY?

DO TELL,
DO TELL!

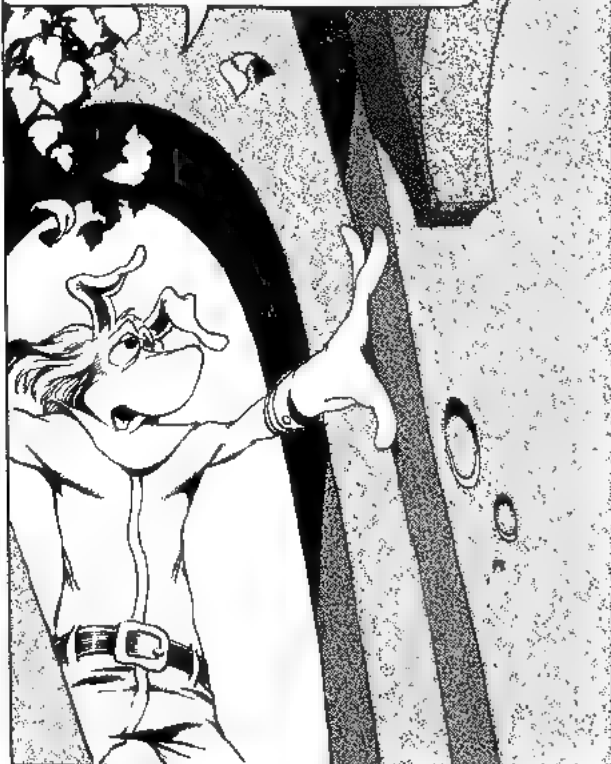
IT WAS AWFUL!
EVERYWHERE ONE
TURNED, IT WAS
DUCK THIS, DUCK THAT -
LUCKILY, THE PROBLEM
WAS SOLVED BEFORE ALL
ORDER DISAPPEARED
COMPLETELY!



BACK IN THE 1990'S, ALL DUCKS THAT WERE LEFT ON EARTH WERE PUT ONTO ROCKET SHIPS AND SENT OUT INTO SPACE.



THEY WERE LAST SEEN ROCKETING PAST PLUTO IN A "V" FORMATION.



OF COURSE THERE WERE A FEW OTHER MINOR OUTBURSTS — LIKE THE GREAT BEAVER PANIC OF 2022.

BUT NOTHING TO COMPARE WITH THE DUCKS — SAY, WHERE DO YOU COME FROM ?

I HAIL ORIGINALLY FROM A STAR IN THE CONSTELLATION CYGNUS THE DUC — ER, ... I MEAN SWAN.





THE SOFT NIGHT SILENCE OF THE CITY IS SUDDENLY SHATTERED BY A--A--A SCREAM?!?



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WHO IS THIS FEATHERED FOWL IN FLIGHT? WHAT TERROR HAUNTS HIM?

WHY DOES HE RUN SCREAMING THROUGH DISMAL DARK ALLEYS?

WHAT DEMONS FOLLOW FAST HIS WEBBED HEELS?

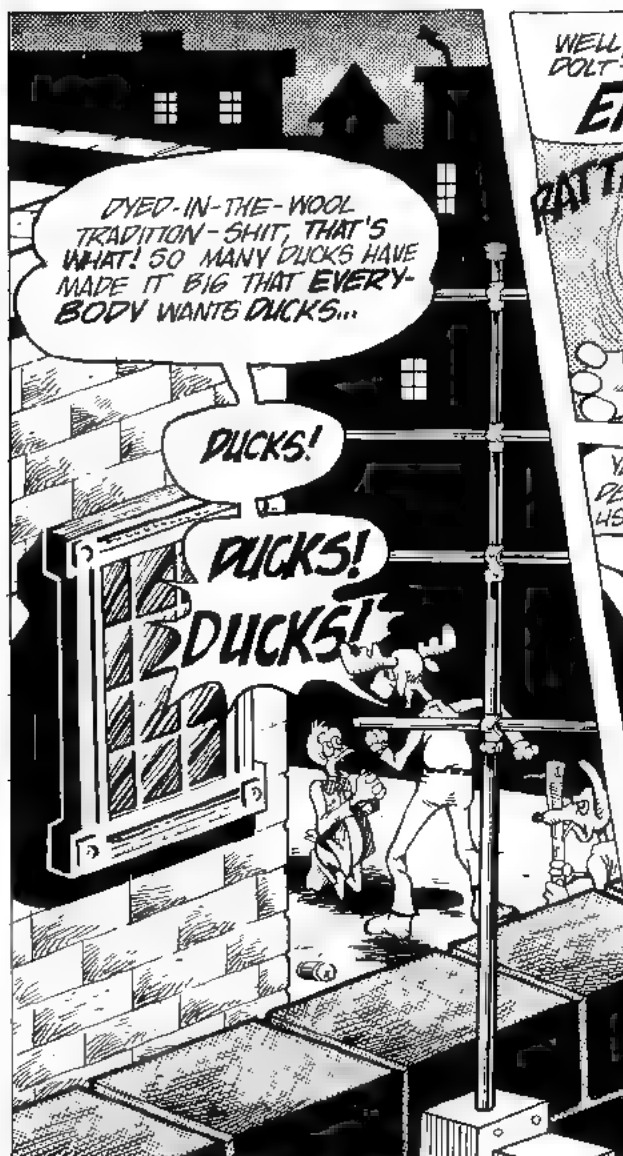


A BIRD IN THE HAND!

ART & STORY - GENE DAY
LETTERING - DAVE SIM

THIS IS IT, DOLT THE DUCK! NOW YOU GET YOURS!









... AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT ...

HOWDY, FOLKS! NEWTON
THE RABBIT WONDER HERE~

YOU KNOW, FOR THE LAST
COUPLE OF MONTHS, IT'S
BEEN PRETTY HECTIC!~
WHAT, WITH TRAVELLING TO
OTHER PLANETS, WIZARDS,
and WEIRDOS, PLUS A
RATHER VICARIOUS TRIP
TO THE GREAT SOUTHWEST!

SO THIS MONTH I'VE
DECIDED TO GET AWAY
FROM IT ALL and JUST
RELAX, YOU KNOW?
I NEED IT. MAYBE
WE ALL DO. WHAT
DO YOU THINK?

NEXT ISSUE WE'LL
BE BACK WITH THE
USUAL SEX N' VIOLENCE
BUT FOR NOW I'M JUST
GONNA SIT BACK and
SOAK UP THE SUNSHINE!

BY THE WAY~ WE'LL BE
SHOOTING OUR NEXT
PRODUCTION RIGHT HERE,
ON LOCATION! IT'S AN
OFF BEAT LITTLE
ADVENTURE CALLED~
"INTO THE MOTHERLODE!"
~HOPE TO SEE YOU THEN!

©STEVE
LEIDLICH

IMAGINE IF YOU WERE GOING TO START A COMICS COMPANY FROM SCRATCH... WHAT WOULD YOU DO?



FIRST, I'LL CUT THE WRITERS AND ARTISTS IN ON THE ACTION, AND GIVE THEM MORE CREATIVE FREEDOM, SO THEY'LL BE MOTIVATED TO CREATE THEIR **BEST WORK...**

THEN, I'LL DO COMICS FOR **GROWN-UPS**, STORIES WITH INSIGHT AND INTELLIGENCE, ART WITH EXCITEMENT AND SENSITIVITY...

I'LL MAKE COMICS I'D ENJOY READING...

I'LL MAKE COMICS FUN AGAIN!

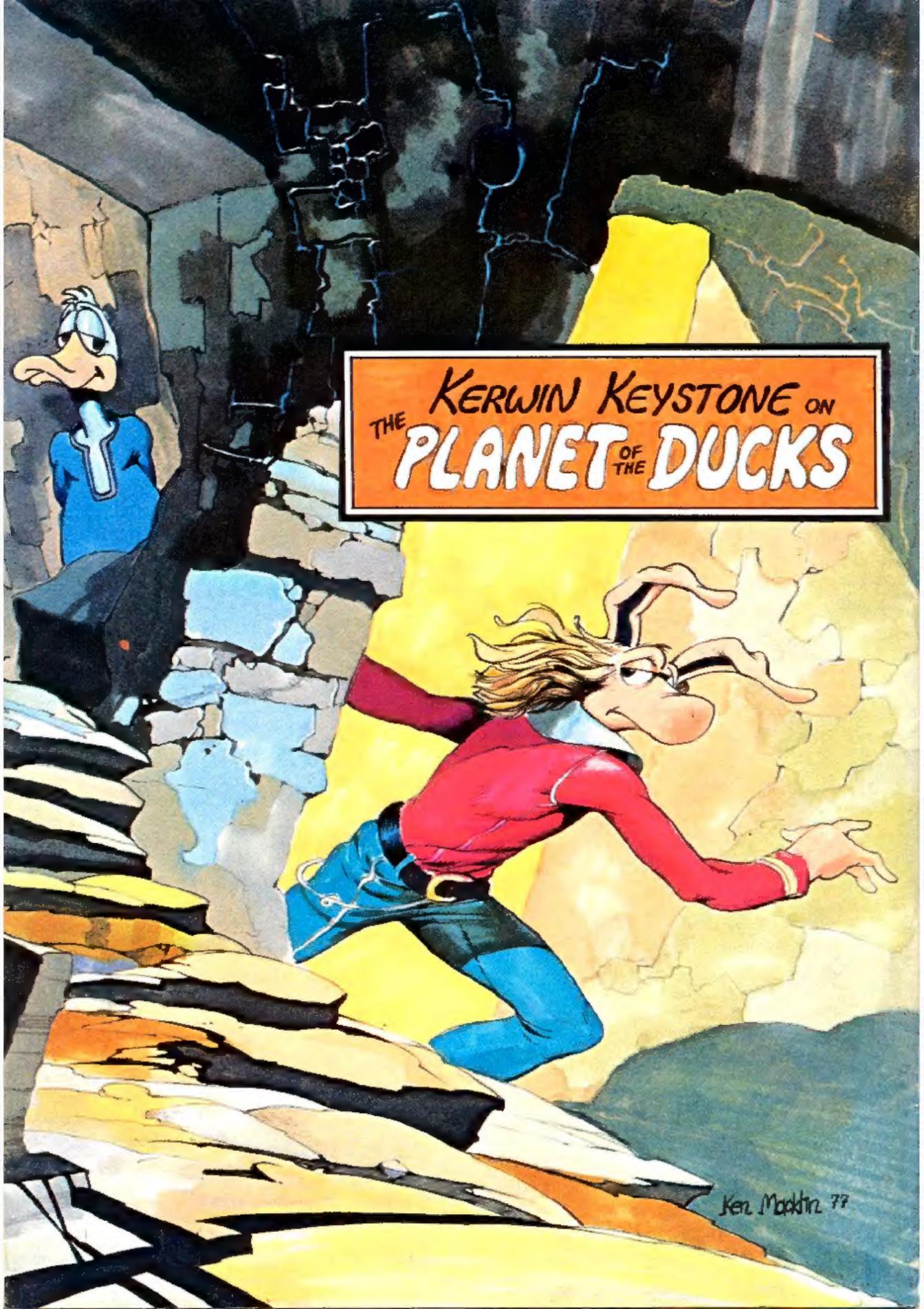
Well, folks,

STAR*REACH
IS DOING ALL THIS **NOW!**

STAR*REACH No. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10 \$1.25 (ea.)
FUDGE, GIRL BLIMP No. 1-2-3 \$3.00 (set)
QUACK No. 1-2-3-4-5 \$1.25 (ea.)

PLEASE ADD \$.35 PER COPY FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.





THE KERWIN KEYSTONE ON
PLANET OF THE DUCKS

Ken Macklin '77